



Major Oldport (who is hunting by doctor's orders). "THIS MAY BE GOOD FOR THE LIVER, BUT IT'S DOOSID HARD ON THE OTHER MEMBERS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite is afraid that the voyage of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, accomplished last year, was for the newspapers what in another profession is called "a frost." Having made costly preparations for reporting the journey, they found the public a little indifferent on the topic. The fact is, the journey was co-incidental with stirring events at home and abroad, and the British Public, though Great, cannot digest a too varied assortment of news. Nevertheless, it was an interesting trip, and finds worthy record in Mr. WATSON'S *The Queen's Wish*, published in a handsome volume by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. Mr. WATSON accompanied the *Ophir* in the capacity of REUTER'S correspondent. Day by day, when he was in touch with the cables, there flashed through the English-speaking world some portions of the story here re-cast and presented as a whole. It is told with graphic force, and is illustrated by a multitude of engravings from photographs snatched on the spot.

L. B. WOLFORD'S *Charlotte* (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is a very cleverly-written analysis of character. There is no plot; there is hardly a situation that can be called dramatic; the reader becomes interested simply in the one central figure, and in the effect she produces upon those with whom she is brought into contact. The heroine, living with her mother, is so sufficiently well off that neither wealth nor rank need be victorious over love, were she capable of a true self-sacrificing passion. In a lower social position, and without a mother, *Charlotte* has in her all the makings of a *Becky*

Sharp. Draz Rotherham, the hero of the story, is a lumbering simpleton, a sort of muscular "Bountiful Bertie," saying to his confidential adviser and rival in *Charlotte's* affections, the Reverend Alban, who is something of a prig and much of a sensualist, "You have been awfully good to me," and receiving, in "confusion and bewilderment," the Reverend Alban's reply, "You have chosen me for a father-confessor, you know," the one being no penitent, and the other having nothing more to give him than, as an old song has it,

"His counsel and advice,
So judicious and so sound."

Charlotte's scene with this severe but malleable clergyman is very *Beckyish*. *Olivia*, the reverend gentleman's irreverent, worldly, scheming sister, is another excellent sketch, and the scene with her brother, when she triumphs over the "father-confessor's" indiscretion, is admirable. Altogether a noteworthy book, whose sole fault is that it is considerably overwritten, and offers chances of which the experienced "skipper" will avail himself in quite a hundred pages out of the three hundred and eighty-six that make up the volume. The end of *Charlotte's* career is cleverly shadowed forth. She is by no means such as was *Werther's Charlotte*, who,

"Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter."

And, indeed, the reader will not be much concerned to know the last dying speech and confession of this hopelessly unprincipled worldling.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

OF INSINCERE APOLOGIES.

BY AN EXPERT.

[Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who is understood to have expressed regret that his remarks on British "methods of barbarism" should have seemed to reflect upon the conduct of our troops in the field, has made the following observations on one of the proposed new rules of procedure: "You can exact an ample, a profuse, or a full apology, because you can be the judge of whether it is ample, profuse, or full. But you cannot be the judge of its sincerity." (Cheers.)]

MOTHER of Parliaments and fount of Freedom,
Wide as the welkin, generous as the sun!
Pause, pause a moment while I briefly plead 'em,
My views on Standing Order 21.

Sounds I have caught, like dirges faintly fiddled,
Over the corpse of Liberty-of-Speech;
Have marked how Freedom's flag, already riddled
Has recently sustained a shocking breach.

Brummagem Hooligans had sworn to whelm it,
What time its prophet, my peculiar friend,
Cowed in a constable's extinctive helmet,
Barely escaped the martyr's glorious end.

But *here*, in this the home of hoar tradition,
Temple of privilege and ancient lights,
Haven where men may use without contrition
Language that leads elsewhere to open fights;—

Here, where the lusty Irish-Boer alliance
Says unaffectedly the thing it feels,
Hurls at the House a resolute defiance,
And chaffs the Chairman's passionate appeals;—

Here (if I understand this new Procedure),
O Liberty, it leaves me strangely sore
To see the tyrant's wanton hand impede your
Movements with manacles unknown before.

Ere this, the sons of that distressful nation,
When they assailed the Speaker in his chair,
Suffered at most a trivial vacation,
Lightly suspended, so to speak, in air.

But now these ornaments of our profession
Must face the doom of exile, lone and dumb,
Mounting, by geometrical progression,
From twenty days to eighty (*mazimum*).

Then, lest their punishment's inhuman rigour
Should fan the flame of Admiration's eyes,
On reappearing, fresh and full of vigour,
They are expected to apologise!

Nay, but they have their prospects further blighted;
'To injury outrageously severe
Insult is added; they will be invited
To make the said apology *sincere!*

But there are certain obstacles that trammel
This rude compulsion more than one might think;
Thus, to the dam you may conduct a camel—
No power on earth can make the beggar drink.

I could, if necessary, cite a sample
Proving that, though expedience or fear
May force apologies profuse and ample,
Conscience alone can make the stuff "*sincere.*"

For when I tinkered my historic sentence
So as to salve our warriors' wounded pride,
Do you suppose I made a clean repentance?
My tongue announced it, but my heart denied.

O. S.

FROM THE DIARY OF A GENIUS.

Monday.—Got up feeling very cheap and uncomfortable. Query, was the port as good as NIXON said it was? Or did I take a glass more than was right? Can't solve the puzzle. Large packet of press cuttings on breakfast table. Open them. "The volume of poems about to be published by Mr. BRINDLEY will be ready towards the end of March. The collection will include many pieces not previously printed." Eight more to the same effect. Another says, "Mr. BRINDLEY, whose collection of poems is announced for the end of March, is a middle-aged young man of 37. He was for many years a struggling journalist on the outside staff of *The Blue Moon*, but came into notice two years ago with a series of articles in verse on 'Fiends and their Friendships.' He is a quick worker, and never makes any corrections in the proofs sent to him. At Oxford he was known as the 'Rhyming Coot,' probably owing to the fact that he was prematurely bald."

Nasty, very. FOGERTY must have written it. Shall pay him out. Breakfast very disagreeable. Eggs cold, bacon a scrap of leather. Coffee beastly. To work. Can't think of anything. Shall I write in verse or prose? Toss up. Heads for verse, tails for prose. Coin rolls under sofa. Recover it after much exertion. Toss again. Heads. Try verse—something sentimental. Let me see. *Lines to a Teardrop.* Good. Lots of rhymes for tear. Beer, leer, sneer, jeer, gear, hear, spear, etc. Doesn't promise to be sentimental. Chuck it. Try prose. Butler comes in suddenly to say pipes have burst. Will I have them mended at once, and shall he send for plumber? Issue orders and resume work. There's a dog barking somewhere. Impossible to collect ideas. Order butler to silence dog. By the way, haven't read morning papers yet. Do so. Escape of DE WET. Same old game. Treaty with Japan. What's it all about? Sudden idea—*Ode to a Chrysanthemum.* Good. Now for it:—

Hail! varied splendour of the farthest East!

Good beginning. Beast, feast, ceased, priest. Got it!—

Blessed by the Buddhist and his pallid priest.

Are the Japs Buddhists, by the way? It doesn't much matter. Buddhist quite near enough anyway. Now then, next line:

The Rose of England—

Butler enters to say there's a big black dog in the garden barking at cat in tree. Will I come out and get him away? Order butler to do it himself. A ring at the bell. Enter butler announcing visit from Miss MARPOLE. Awful old bore. Collects for charities. Must see her. Interview lasts half-an-hour. She departs with thirty shillings of mine. Tackle the ode again. Can't make anything of it. Chuck it. Only half-an-hour before lunch. Must go out. Do so. Shall try some other subject to-morrow.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.—The mummy of an Egyptian child has just been knocked down by an auctioneer for £6. It is a romantic thought that, even under the hammer, "the Mummy and the Child were there."

A MINER QUESTION.—The out-of-work colliers at Newcastle have been passing the time by snowballing the police. The weather is, further, considered seasonable for the prospects of wages on a sliding scale.

THE Old Crimean Mount and Remount scandals occurring during the present war may be described simply as an "A Knacker-onism."



A CASUAL "STAR."

Mr. As-y-th (the faithful Eumæus, to Ulysses). "COME ALONG, MR. PRIMROSE. WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR YOU. THEY'RE GETTING IMPATIENT IN FRONT."

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HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

JOBSON, who edits a cheerful little weekly, said to me the other day:

"You hunt, don't you?"

I looked at him knowingly. JOBSON interpreted my smile according to his preconceived idea.

"I thought so," he continued.

"Well, you might do me a bright little article—about half a column, you know—on hunting, will you?"

Why should I hesitate? JOBSON is safe for cash; and he had not asked me to give my own experiences of the hunting field. I replied warily, "I fancy I know the sort of thing you want."

"Good," he said, and before we could arrive at any detailed explanation he had banged the door and dashed downstairs, jumped into his hansom, and was off.

This was the article:—

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

It is hardly possible to overrate the value of hunting as a National sport. Steeplechasing is a Grand-National sport, but it is the sport of the rich, whereas hunting is not. By judiciously dodging the Hunt Secretary, you can, in fact, hunt for nothing. Of course, people will come at me open-mouthed for this assertion, and say, "How about the keep of your horses?" To which I reply, "If you keep a carriage, hunt the carriage horse; if you don't, borrow a friend's horse for a long ride in the country, and accidentally meet the hounds." To proceed. This has been a season of poor scent. Of course, the horses of the present day have deteriorated as line hunters: they possess not the keen sense of smell which their grandsires had. But despite this the sport goes gaily on. There are plenty of foxes—but we cannot agree with the popular idea of feeding them on poultry. And yet, in every hunt, we see hunters subscribing to poultry funds. This is not as it should be: Sport's meat biscuit would be much better for foxes' food.

But these be details: let us hie forrard and listen to the cheery voice of sly Reynard as he is winded from his earth. The huntsman blows his horn, and soon the welkin rings with a chorus of brass instruments; the tufters dash into covert, and anon the cheerful note of Ponto or Gripper gives warning that a warrantable fox is on foot—well, of course, he couldn't be on horseback, but this is merely a venatorial *façon de parler*. Away go the huntsmen, showing marvellous dexterity in cracking their whips and blowing their horns at the same moment. Last of all come the hounds, trailing after their masters—



A CRITERION.

She. "JACK, I'M AFRAID THIS DOG YOU'VE GIVEN ME ISN'T A GOOD ONE."

He. "NOT A GOOD ONE! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?"

She. "I DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE HAD HIM A WHOLE MONTH NOW, AND NO ONE HAS EVEN TRIED TO STEAL HIM!"

ah, good dogs, you cannot hope to keep up very far with the swifter-footed horses! Nevertheless, they strain at their leashes and struggle for a better place at the horses' heels. "Hike forrard! tally ho! whoo-hoop!" They swoop over the fields like a charge of cavalry. But after several hours' hard running a check is at hand: the fox falters, then struggles on again, its tail waving over its head. As its pursuers approach, it rushes up a tree to sit on the topmost branch and crack nuts.

The panting horses arrive—some with their riders still in the saddle, though many, alas! have fallen by the wayside. Next come the hounds, at a long interval—poor Fido, poor Vic, poor Snap! you have done your best to keep up, but the horses have out-distanced you! The whipper-in immediately climbs the tree in which the little red-brown animal still peacefully cracks its nuts, its

pretty tail curled well over its head. Its would-be captor carries a revolving wire cage, and, by sleight-of-hand movement, manages to get the quarry securely into it. Then he descends, places the cage in a cart and it is driven home.

The "mort" is sounded by four green velvet-coated huntsmen, with horns wound round their bodies; a beautiful brush^o presented to the lady who was first up at the "take"; and then the field slowly disperses. Tally Ho-Yoicks! all is over for the day.

I really thought this would be just the very thing for JOBSON's paper. Somehow or other, though, it hardly seems to have hit the popular taste. Still, the public are always fickle: it is so difficult to know what will please them nowadays.

* Ivory-backed?—Ed.

INFANTS IN ARMS.

[The Kent County Council's new order in respect to the carrying of lights by perambulators (as recorded in a recent issue of *Mr. Punch*) has elicited a rallying cry from one of the exasperated victims.]

FAIR babies, dark babies,
Slum babies, park babies,
Weak babies, strong babies,
Round babies, long babies,
Good babies, bad babies,
Glum babies, glad babies,
Babes one and all,
Rise at my call!
Cease from your prattle,
Seize coral and rattle,
Prepare to do battle,
And conquer or fall!

Babes, do you hear the tyrannical mandate
Levelled at us by the Council of Kent?
Brothers in arms, will ye patiently stand it,
Sucking your bottles in slavish content?
Is it right, is it fair, is it just, is it proper
To filch from us our immemorial rights,
And make us the prey of each meddlesome copper
Who likes to salute us with "Where are your lights?"

No more shall we scorch at our will in the gloaming,
Through shadowy streets in invisible prams;
No more shall we leave in the path we've been roaming
A wake of barked shins and irascible d—s.
No, all will be tedious, wearisome sameness,
And life will be robbed of the last of its charms.
Then up! seize your rattles and show us your gameness,
And strike for your freedom, O infants in arms!

A GENTLEMAN OF THE COMB.

"HAIR rather dry, Sir," volunteered the operator.

"Yes, I like it dry," replied the dreamy voice.

For a moment the hairdresser was nonplussed. He looked covertly to see if he was being made the object of playful irony; but there could be no suspicion of such a thing, for the old gentleman betrayed by his expression that his mind was far away. So the attack was recommenced.

"You've got the dandruff rather badly, Sir." This in a convincing tone of voice from which there could be no appeal.

"Ah, indeed," he exclaimed mildly. "Is it bad?"

"Very, Sir. You see, the pores of the skin become clogged; all the natural moisture of the head is absorbed, and the hair acquires a certain dryness, and consequently the individual hairs crack, split and——"

"Ah, indeed," the old man interrupted, "is that so?"

"Yes, Sir; what you want is some preparation that will remove the scurf, then the natural moisture of the head will soon obviate the dryness of the hair. This, Sir," he continued, producing a green bottle of liquid, "is a most excellent dandruff remover. I guarantee that one bottle will remove all the trouble. We undertake to return your money should you find that our lotion gives no relief."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman again, taking the bottle in his hand, "it is 5s. 6d., is it not?"

"That is the price, Sir."

"And the dandruff will not reappear?"

"You will never suffer from it again."

"And you have never known anything to equal this mixture?"

"It is the best-known preparation, Sir."

"And you really think I require it?"

"Your hair is in a very bad state, Sir."

"Ah. I thought so. You told me all this when I bought a bottle of this stuff a month ago. I have been using it daily ever since, and I believed it was doing my hair good, but sorry to find you don't think so. Shampoo, please."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

THE first sitting of the newly constituted Literary Bench was held on February 29, 1902. The Court was crowded. The Magistrates present were Mr. WATTS-DUNTON, J.P., Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, J.P., and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, J.P. Mr. C. K. SHORTER acted as Magistrate's Clerk. The principal cases are reported below:—

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, 36, rhapsodist, giving as his address six townships in the Levant, was charged by the Gas Light and Coke Company with falsifying the metre at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, one of the Company's inspectors, gave evidence as to the state of the metre. Mr. PHILLIPS had consumed a very great number of feet that rightly belonged to him, and his irregularities were fatal, for example:—

"Even a woman had in her heart said, 'Now . . .'"

"They have the truth, I speak as a man speaks."

"Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge."

"That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast."

After corroborative evidence had been given, Mr. STEPHEN GWYN, speaking in a rich brogue, said that he had carefully examined the metre and could find no fault with it. He discovered a close affinity between Mr. PHILLIPS's pterodactyls and the galliambics of CATULLUS.

Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN said that he had known the prisoner for years, even before he began to wear a fringe. He had no fault to find with Mr. PHILLIPS' feet. They were perhaps copious, but the insertion of an occasional anapaest was justified by the precedent of MILTON and BRIDGES. For his part, even if Mr. PHILLIPS had ventured to employ the trochaic tetrameter acatalectic, he would have supported the innovation. If he had to choose between the *Heel of Achilles* and the feet of *Ulysses* he would unhesitatingly plump for the latter.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER said that Mr. PHILLIPS was about to make a long-deferred visit to his theatre, and that nothing that was likely to happen to-day would cause him, the speaker, to cancel the invitation. The Bench were about to give judgment, when they were interrupted by ZEUS, attended by Mr. BROCK, of the Crystal Palace, who at this point insisted upon addressing the Court. He said that he must utter a protest against the indignity put upon him by Mr. PHILLIPS, in making him speak rhyme as if he were in a pantomime. His old friend HOMER, even at his noddingest, never did anything so trumpery as that.

The prisoner was sentenced to proceed to Colorado forthwith, and to employ all his feet in crushing the beetle.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, 42, surgeon, and WILLIAM GILLETTE, 44, actor, two able-bodied men, were flung into the dock charged with the exhumation of SHERLOCK HOLMES for purposes of gain.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, K.C., prosecuting for the Crown, said that not since the days of BURKE and HARE had so flagrant a case been heard of. Long after the death of Mr. HOLMES, who had been in his day a detective of some skill, though not attached to Scotland Yard (*sensation*), the prisoners had exhumed him, and were charging, at the Lyceum Theatre, considerable sums to persons who wished to view the body. Sir GEORGE NEWNES, proprietor of the *Strand Magazine*, gave evidence of SHERLOCK HOLMES's death.



HARD ON THE DOCTOR.

Old Lady. "MY 'USBAND 'E NEVER DID 'OLD WITH DOCTORS, AND 'E WOULDN'T LET ME SEND FOR YER TILL 'E WAS REAL BAD. WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM, DOCTOR?"

Doctor. "MAINLY SENILITY, MRS. WILKINS."

Old Lady. "LOR' NOW! AN' I DESSAY 'E WOULDN'T 'AVE 'AD IT IF 'E'D 'AD YER SOON ENOUGH!"

Dr. MORIARTY, called for the defence, stated, however, that SHERLOCK HOLMES was never really dead, but merely in a comatose condition. It was quite possible, he said, to fall off an Alp and still live; in fact he had done it himself (*tremendous sensation*).

Further evidence having been given by Mr. FROHMAN and the Hound of the Baskervilles, to the effect that SHERLOCK HOLMES was still vigorous, the Magistrates stopped the case, saying that if SHERLOCK HOLMES was not dead, he ought to be. They accordingly ordered Dr. DOYLE to give him decent and definitive burial at the earliest possible opportunity.

Mr. JAMES WELCH having called the attention of the Bench to the fact that this exhumation had been ferociously commented on by the *Blutwurst* of Berlin, and the *Libre Menteur* of Paris, and other continental Anglophobe organs, the Magistrates directed that Dr. DOYLE should print and circulate at his own cost translations of the proceedings in the Lithuanian, Suabian, Basque, Yiddish and Czech languages, with a special edition for the Ballybunion district of North Kerry.

ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, 54, who described himself as an agricultural labourer and was attired in a tattered Chesterfield, was charged by the Westminster Guardians with neglecting to perform his allotted share of labour. It seemed that the prisoner had entered the Casual Ward of the Union in the usual way, and had been given a night's shelter. In the morning, when asked what he could do,

he replied that he was an advocate of digging, and produced a pamphlet to prove the assertion. He was therefore given a spade and told to dig. The prisoner, however, handled the implement so awkwardly that the Labour Master, who gave this evidence, had serious doubts whether he understood spade work at all.

The shade of Sir HUDSON LOWE deposed that the prisoner was a very pestilent fellow who had garbled a conversation of the Duke of WELLINGTON to the witness's discredit. He was also a bosom friend of a notorious criminal named NAPOLEON, one of the Boer prisoners at St. Helena.

The prisoner pleaded, in extenuation of his offence, that he was really a ploughman. He said also that he had been highly educated, and until the present unfortunate circumstances, although he had once dug a Pitt, he had never been in the habit of calling a spade a spade. He reminded the Bench that Lord SALISBURY had in early youth paid an unsuccessful visit to the diggings, and that many of the most prominent statesmen were reformed rakes. In conclusion, he promised the Bench that, if they would let him off this time, he would proceed at once to Leeds or Liverpool, where he had promise of regular employment.

The Bench imposed a fine of ten shillings, which was paid by Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P.

INTENDED INTERVENTIONS.

At intervals the *Echo de Paris* has published articles signed "Niet," who is said, on good authority, to be Dr. LEYDS. The last one, quoted in the *Times* of the 13th, stated that the Tsar, having failed to obtain the co-operation of the Emperor WILLIAM, was about to take action alone, when "he fell so seriously ill that he was vaguely believed to be poisoned."

The ever-truthful LEYDS has saved his sharpest sting for the end. But his information is curiously incomplete. A correspondent, signing himself "Gnat," has sent us the following particulars of the intentions of other rulers, alike prevented by chance from taking any action:—

The Queen of HOLLAND implored the Emperor WILLIAM to join her in active intervention, but he telegraphed in reply, "So sorry, but no time now. Much too busy in China. Won't you take a slice? Or could send you second-hand astronomical instrument guaranteed genuine." Her Majesty's request being thus refused, she resolved that the Dutch army should land in Lincolnshire. Unfortunately at that moment she was stung on the nose by a wasp, afterwards conclusively proved to have been an English wasp, and was so much scared that the intended invasion was entirely abandoned.

In much the same manner the Prince of MONACO communicated later on with the German Emperor, who replied, "WALDERSEE would have to command allied armies. Rather elderly and short-sighted, he could not see yours." The Prince thereupon ordered the whole of his army to be mobilised, and with incredible exertions 125 men were assembled in the camp on the palace square. There was only one absentee, who was just then cleaning the windows of the Casino—a difficult operation, since they are never opened, winter or summer. The Prince proceeded to address a stirring speech to the assembled host. Just as he was explaining his warlike intentions against England, a little boy, afterwards discovered to be an English boy, fired off a pop-gun. The army of Monaco, laying down its arms, immediately marched across the frontier into France, and was never seen again.

The King of the BELGIANS, though personally quite indifferent to other people's affairs, was urged to attempt some friendly mediation. He also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Chinese difficulties settled, but still very busy with architectural work. Should advise you not to bother. Try trip to Paris. Always does you good." The KING was at first disposed to make some show of mediation, but having walked an enormous distance in a new pair of boots while considering what to do, he was laid up with a corn, and was compelled to go to Paris to have it cut. The new boots were of English make.

A few months later the Prince of BULGARIA wrote to the Emperor WILLIAM on the subject of combined intervention. The Emperor replied, "Much regret not possible now. Just off shooting. Besides, my dearest friend, ABDUL HAMID, might be offended. Can't risk concessions. So long. Love to Sobranjé." The proud independence of a Bulgarian prince, though German by birth, was aroused by this. The valiant FERDINAND had definitely resolved to invade England, when, by the most unfortunate chance, he went out one day without his umbrella. A heavy shower came on, and he caught such a severe cold in his head that his medical attendants were compelled to forbid the projected expedition. The umbrella, which the Prince left at home, was an English one.

More recently the King of SERVIA, anxious to go one better than his neighbour, also applied to the German Emperor, who telegraphed, "Exclusively occupied just now with fine arts. Exquisite statues of superb Sieges-Allee

gloriously completed. Am having more turned out wholesale. Should be delighted send you statue GOETHE or SCHILLER to adorn Belgrade. Or job-lot busts of myself for private rooms of palace. Ta ta." The King thereupon resolved to act alone, and proceeded to Vienna to see if he could buy some horses. While crossing the Stephans-Platz he was nearly run over by an omnibus, which seemed such a bad omen that Queen DRAGA took him home to Belgrade at once, and has not allowed him to go anywhere since. The omnibuses of Vienna are the property of an English company. GNAT.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

[Among the exponents of "pure literature" a great outcry has been raised at the exclusion of representatives of this department from the proposed list of members of the new Royal British Academy. Mr. R-DY-ED K-PL-NG kindly voices this indignation in the following diatribe against the committee of selection.]

TAUGHT by your tinkering tutors, made stupid by stultified schools,
Long did ye lie down donkeys, and long wake up fond fools;
Till ye said of our tales, "What are they?" of our rhymes,
"They are far from our ken;"
Till ye made a sport of your poets, and a jest of your writing men.
Then was your shame made naked when we looked in the *Times* one day
At the long, limp list of the noodles proposed for your R.B.A.:
Pitiful prigs of professors, gawks that have grubbed through their "Greats,"
Diligent dabblers in history, dry as their own dry dates,
Pedants that potter with parchments and palimpsests, and plan
Useless essays on PLATO and notes on the particle *av*.
But ye say, "Lo! these are professors!" ye say, "These are scholars of fame!"
And ye add three more to the letters that follow each nincompoop's name;
And ye leave your country's letters, your priceless pearl, to the care
Of anemic mugs of the study and prating prigs of the chair.
Purblind, blundering boobies, this fact ye could not seize—
Literature isn't written by elderly LL.D.'s.
Ninnies do not write novels that make you laugh and weep:
Men, not mugs, made MUDIE'S. Men, not mugs, must keep—
Men, not dons and pedants from academic chairs;
Men who can slang in Saxon and shout wood-pavement swears,
Violent, vigorous, virile—men whose copyright rhymes
Are handed down to the future in the deathless files of the *Times*;
Men, ay, too, and women, whose pages are never debased
By a slavish subservient cringing to old-world canons of taste.
Doubt not we are the people—KIPLINGS, CORELLIS, and CAINES:
What the Islanders' hearts have desired we have not withheld from their brains.
It is for them to decide if the scandal goes or remains.

NOTICE.—Answers to the following conundrums are invited to be sent in during the week.

- (1) Why did Jack and the Beanstalk?
- (2) Why did CHARLES LEVER?

FROM THE "DAYSNEWS" OF 2002.

LAST night BACON's old tragedy, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, with new music provided by the Automatic Tune Company, was produced with great success at the Central London Theatre, Richmond, Surrey.

The Duke of CITYROADE AND TURNHAM-GREEN was married yesterday to Miss PLANTAGENET STUART GUELPH WASHINGTON SLICK, of New York, by wireless telegraphy. This revival of an old-fashioned ceremony by an antiquated system of communication caused considerable interest in the ranks of the Society of Antiquaries.

HENRY, second Viscount IRVING, has acquired a site between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges for a sub-Thamesian theatre.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I see that a suggestion has been made to use Colonial troops for service in England. Writes a light-hearted scribe, "Why not send a Melbourne regiment to Aldershot and carry to Sydney a battalion raised in Shoreditch?" Well, of course, there can be no objection to the last suggestion. "The British soldier can go anywhere at a moment's notice, and do anything." We all agree to that assertion. And probably (barring accidents) "do it very well." Whether my old Militia regiment, the Shoreditch Sharpshooters, would be welcome on the other side of the globe is a matter for Colonial consideration. That they have behaved well whenever embodied is historical, they were certainly most anxious to go to the Crimea, because, as they put it, they would take the Russian stronghold by strategy—in fact, "steal Sevastopol." But the tradition of thirty years ago was that they were better on active service than when giving employment to what is technically known as "the civil power." But let that pass. An evening paper has advocated the establishment of a regiment of Colonial Guards. Why not? Certainly we should have a magnificent body of men—both officers and privates. But, like the Scotsman, "I have my doubts." The splendour of the bush—I confess I know little about Australia, but I believe there is a bush, and it is sure to be splendid—may produce the grandest army in the world's history, but possibly there might be some difficulty in supplying an entirely satisfactory Palace Guard. London and Windsor are not exactly on all fours with their fixed points at the Antipodes.



DOTTIVILLE AGAIN.

Dotty One (to gorgeous visitor, mysteriously). "EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A BIT OF TOAST ABOUT YOU?"

Gorgeous Visitor. "GREAT SCOTT! NO! WHY SHOULD I CARRY TOAST ABOUT WITH ME? AND, BESIDES, WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?"

Dotty One (more mysteriously). "I'M A POACHED EGG, AND I'M TIRED. I WANT TO SIT DOWN!"

At least—without a profound knowledge of the subject—I think so.

I have again had the advantage of a close inspection of the new service uniform. It is most workmanlike and seemingly comfortable. All I would suggest is that it should be adopted at once to avoid it being annexed as a suitable garb for the attendant in charge of a restaurant car on a northern railroad.

In conclusion, the remount question is still to the fore. All I can say is,

why bother about miserable commercial details? Is it not the duty of the British soldier to think only of the honour of the flag? The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it is rather a feeble instrument when it gets into the hands of those who are not professional accountants.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—DE WET'S DASH; KITCHENER'S D—N.



Hairdresser (about to part Customer's hair). "CENTRE, SIR!"
Flannelled Fool (rather an absent-minded beggar). "OH—ER—MIDDLE AN' LEG!"

HOW ACHILLES TURNED ON HIS HEEL.

The Heel of Achilles is a thoroughgoing melodrama, over-written and under-thought-out by Messrs. LOUIS N. PARKER and BOYLE LAWRENCE. These two dramatists have got hold of a good dramatic story and fairly strong situations, which are kept so far apart by thick wedges of dialogue, that only by contriving to boil LAWRENCE and PARKER down together could the action acquire that closeness in construction so essential to the success of any melodrama. To dramatists and to actors "Compression is the better part of valour," and had the play been subjected to this treatment before its appearance, it might, with such excellent interpreters, have achieved a considerable success.

As the man of destiny, *Prince Vladimir*, Mr. FRED TERRY gives a fine rendering of a part that has very subtle distinctions; he has to be a cool-headed schemer, a fatalist, and a brutal sensualist. The authors have succeeded with him up to the last point, and then they have had pity upon this masterful villain, who, crushed, yet repentant, dies by his own hand, in which *Marie Bartenieff* has placed a phial containing poison. Miss OLIVE's *Marie* is a really fine performance; with her is the sympathy of the audience from the first, and with her it would have been to the end, but for this faulty method of disentangling the knot. As *Lady Leslie Harrington* Miss JULIA NEILSON has what might have been a fine part, but for the wedges of dialogue (aforesaid) and the delays in the play's action. Comedy and tragedy are here, and in her part there is scarcely a line too much.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's *Adam Bartenieff* is a masterly performance throughout. The scoundrelly little cad, *Ivan*

Bartenieff, is forcibly played by Mr. LORING FERNIE; while, as *Vernon Foljambe*, the secretary to *Julius Lascelles*, of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY brings a welcome gleam of light comedy into the gloom of melodrama.

Mrs. E. H. BROOKE's clever performance of the warm-hearted Irishwoman raises laughter and excites sympathy; and Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS, in the small but distinctive part of a Russian police officer, is so good that, like *Sam Weller's* abrupt valentine, we "wish as there was more on it"; which is also true of the slight but important character of the German doctor, *Herr Rudolf Mauser*, played by Mr. ALFRED BONNIN.

Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR has ere now been better suited than he is with the character of *Count Varile Poniatowski*, a kind of Russian "*Charles*, his friend-in-need," helping the plot forward on every possible occasion by doing nothing in particular. The collaborateurs' rule seems to have been—"When in doubt, play *Poniatowski*."

It is already announced that *The Heel of Achilles* is to be "taken off" (not burlesqued), and it might be at once sent back to the cobblers, Messrs. PARKER and LAWRENCE; but whether they would be able to add any sole to it, so as to fit it for a good run later on, is a question. Still, if the necessary repairs can be satisfactorily effected—"there is much virtue in an 'if'"—then the Warrior may yet be seen in the provinces, where

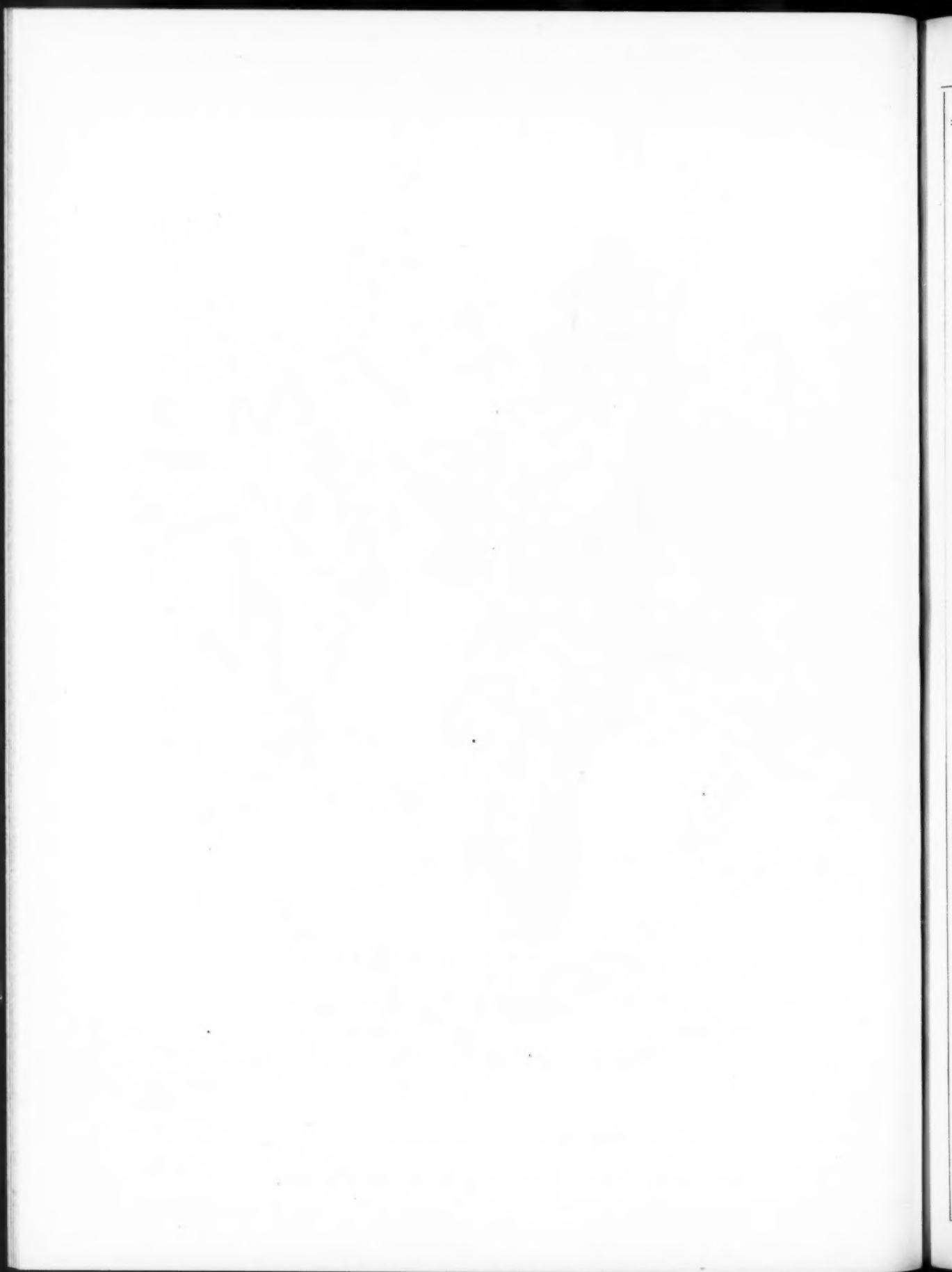
"the mighty *Achilles*"
"Will step o'er the plains full of daffydownillies"

and return to London as a giant refreshed. It is to be hoped that these two same clever cobblers will soon rise above their last.



SWORN FRIENDS.

RUSSIA (*aside*). "H'M—I DON'T LIKE THESE CONFIDENCES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"A TROUPE OF BLIND TRAVELLERS, GONE ASTRAY, SEEKING SAFETY (IN JAPAN)."

By our Japanese Artist, Watalaké Aishudōsō, after the celebrated drawing by Hokusai.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 10th.—That old sea-horse, JOHN COLOMB, Knight, scenting the battle from afar, shook the dewdrops from his mane, neighed thrice, and pawed the mat of the House of Commons with his forefeet. All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What really happened was that to-night, after long interval, the name of Wei-Hai-Wei is once more heard at Westminster. COLOMB recalls with proud emotion how, some sessions ago, when the topic was newer, he descanted upon it for a full hour, accomplishing the feat of pronouncing the word in a new way every time he cited it.

To-night resolves to call it Why-Oh-Why? That in accordance with the interrogative mood adopted in both Houses. In reply to question put in the Lords, ONSLOW lightly recounts how intention of fortifying the port has been abandoned.

"Then Why-Oh-Why did you make such a fuss when you acquired the place?" ROSEBURY inconveniently asks.

We all remember the flush of pride that mounted the Englishman's brow when announcement was made that Wei-Hai-Wei had been added to the British Empire. Russia had seized Port Arthur. Germany had her eye on some other desirable spot. England, it was disconsolately said, Cinderella of nations, had, as usual, been left in the kitchen. Then, flashed o'er land and sea, came the proud news that the British flag was floating over Wei-Hai-Wei. The Muscovite had been checked. A night's march had been stolen on Germany.

"What a man the MARKISS is!" we all said, regarding with fresh pride his massive figure.

Now it turns out it was all a mistake. Hundreds of thousands of pounds spent on Wei-Hai-Wei; conclusion reluctantly arrived at is that as a place of arms it is impossible. It is, with curiously close analogy, the story of Cyprus over again. Instead of being an outpost of the British Empire in the Far East, a menace to Russia, a thorn in the side of our cousin of

Germany, Wei-Hai-Wei will be a sort of Saturday-to-Monday watering-place.

"Another concession to the week-enders," CAWMELL - BANNERMAN says, gloomily regarding across the table President of Local Government Board. "WALTER LONG just the kind of man to pull down his window-blinds on Saturday morning with design to make Ennismore Gardens believe he has gone off to Wei-Hai-Wei till Monday."

Business done.—Commons commenced shaping ends of new Procedure scheme, rough hewn by PRINCE ARTHUR.

Tuesday night.—GRANT LAWSON begins to wish he hadn't spoke. To-night a great occasion. PRINCE ARTHUR selected him to serve as first lieutenant in his cruise with the tight but ticklish craft, Procedure. He is to sit next to First Lord of Treasury, and prompt him with facts and figures whenever insatiable House demands those objectionable commodities. Nay, he shall even, from time to time, move small amendments standing on Paper in name of his chief.

Truly a great day; Secretary of Local Government Board feels he must live up to it. PRINCE ARTHUR been very good to him; put him in the Ministry when there was CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES sitting on same bench almost in touch. This the first opportunity of patting PRINCE ARTHUR on the back; must seize it. Accordingly prefaced his remarks by gracious recognition of "the great speech made by my right honourable friend on introducing the Rules."

English Members stared in freezing surprise at this *gaucherie*. Irish Members sniggered. PRINCE ARTHUR looked exceedingly uncomfortable. There for the time the matter rested.

At eleven o'clock TAY PAY came along and, quite casually, extinguished the new Minister. Quoting the effusive reference to the "great speech," TAY PAY remarked, "We don't mind when the audience applauds the leader of the band. But I think the triangle had better leave it alone."

A long time since situation so happily and accurately hit off in a phrase. For full enjoyment of its flavour you must know our good GRANT LAWSON in the House. But it will serve for general consumption.

Business done.—Agreed to appoint second Deputy Chairman.

Thursday night.—FINLAY astonished House to-night. Made his mark soon after he entered, sent here by Liberal Inverness Burghs. Like JESSE COLLINGS and some other eminent men, the tide of his affairs flooded at epoch of the Great Disruption in 1886. He took the turn that led to fortune and the Attorney-Generalship. Since he sat on Treasury Bench has failed to deepen his mark. Doubtless, like another of his countrymen, he is "sage counsel in cumber." Has not shone in field of open debate.

To-night suddenly recovered early debating form; even bettered it. PRINCE ARTHUR, tired of defending position taken up in respect of the hanging (or suspension) clause of the new Rules, put up Attorney-General to say final word before the division. An admirable speech in phrase and argument; delivered in ringing tones with vivacity of manner quite unfamiliar.

Business done.—Treaty with Japan discussed in both Houses.

Friday.—RONALD GOWER, sometime Member for County Sutherland, is uncle—or is it aunt?—of half the Peerage. Question suggested by the pleasant garrulity of his *Old Diaries*, just published by JOHN MURRAY. At first SARK was inclined to think it would have been well if the pruning pen had been used with hand less tender than the author's. But, after all, it is pleasant reading, the

prattle of a well-bred, scholarly man-about-town. Man-about-the-world would more precisely describe Lord RONALD's characteristic. *Ulysses* travelled far; Lord RONALD could give him the coasts of the *Læstrygonæ* and the Island of *Æea*, and beat him in the matter of variety and continuity of his voyaging.

Year after year, as the *Diaries* testify, he is literally here to-day and gone to-morrow. A peculiarity of his journeyings is that wherever he puts up, in Europe or Africa, he is sure to come upon a nephew, a niece, an uncle, a great aunt, or at least a "niece-at-



"THE MAN WHO PLAYS THE TRIANGLE."

Mr. Gr-at L-ws-n.

law," whatever that may be. His appetite in this direction is insatiable. Under 8th of May, 1895, he writes: "Looked in at Hanover Square, where I found Lady ANNE BLUNT, BYRON's great granddaughter. I reminded her of our cousinhood through her immortal grandfather on my HOWARD great-grandfather's side." LORD RONALD did not happen to come across NOAH in his journeyings, which were, indeed, chiefly by land. Otherwise he would certainly have enquired after his great-great-uncles on the SUTHERLAND great-grandmother's side, SHEM, HAM and JAPHETH.

Outside the family circle Lord RONALD knows most people worth knowing, and chats about them pleasantly. He was deservedly a personal favourite with the late QUEEN. One or two letters he pub-

lishes from Her Majesty testify afresh to her homeliness and infinite kind-heartedness. Mr. GLADSTONE was another friend from boyhood's days. There is a particularly interesting account of a visit to BISMARCK after the Pilot had been dropped. A book to get and read. One of the innumerable visits paid by Lord RONALD and minutely chronicled is perhaps a little uncanny. He writes: "Called on POMAR, the son of Lady CAITHNESS, Duchess DE POMAR, who died some years ago, and is buried in Holyrood Chapel."

The attention, like most of Lord RONALD's actions, was kindly. But what he said to his long-buried friend, and what language the corpse spoke in reply, is not told.

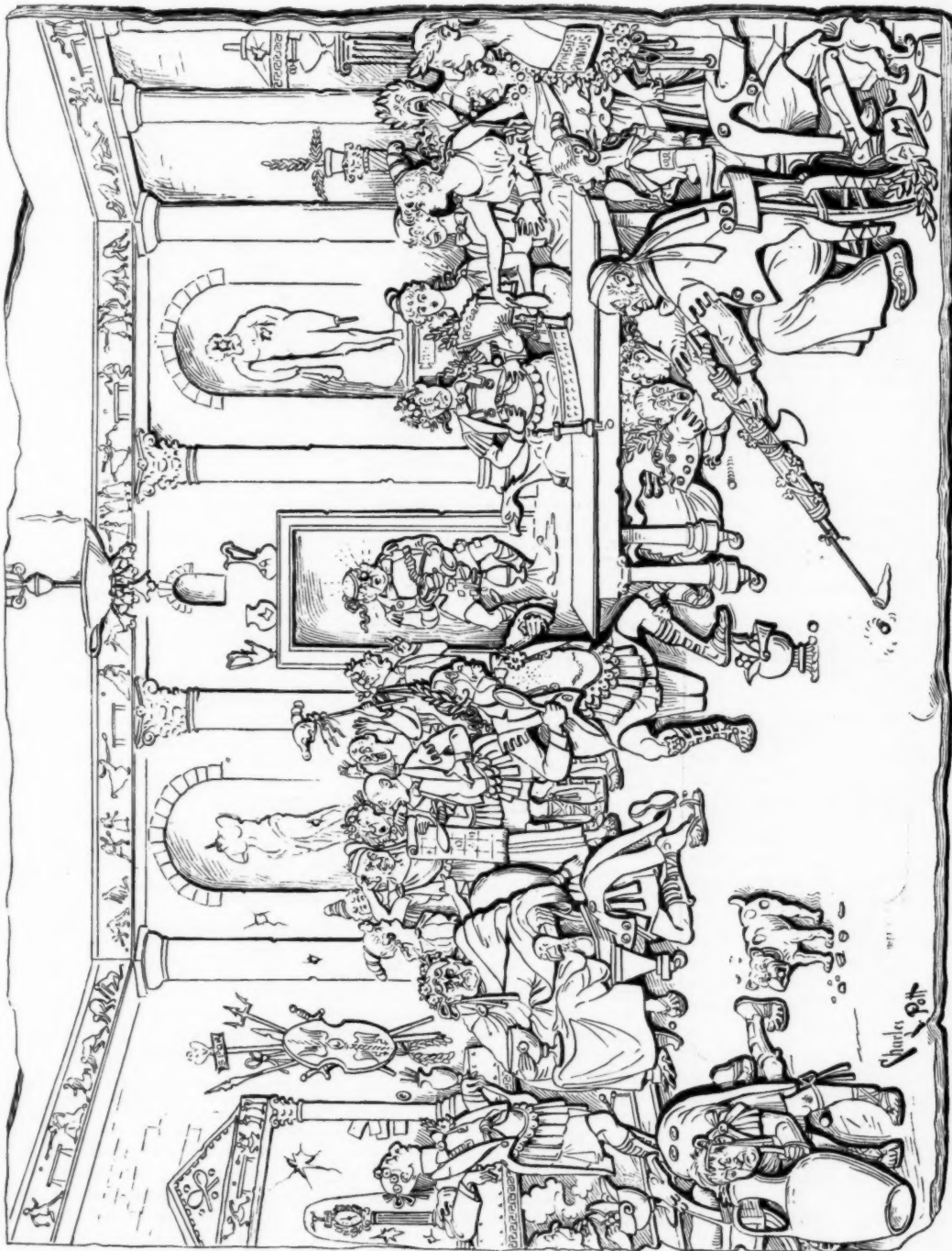
Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

BIKE-PONG.

(Some Queries by a Middle-aged Practitioner.)

REALLY, the ping-world is moving too fast, and it is time to cry Halt! when we read (in last week's *Sketch*) that we are threatened with Ping-pong on bicycles. At any rate, let us know the worst, that we may be prepared when we are directed in dinner invitations to bring our machines with us. Is the celluloid to be hit with the wheel, as in bicycle polo? Are the cycles to mount the ancestral mahogany after the manner of the music-hall trick-rider? Is the aluminium steed to rear on its hind wheel in order to return the ball, or should it plunge and reply friskily with back-hander action? Is the table to be abolished and the four-inch net placed on the floor, as was done by some beginners who knew no better in the infancy of the game? Are ladies to play, or only professional acrobats in tights and spangles? Are ambulances to be provided as well as umpires? Is SANTOS going to take the matter up and give us air-ping over the roof of Olympia or the Great Wheel? Is MARCONI about to invent netless tennis, and omit the ball altogether, with the players a thousand miles apart? Is KIPLING ready with fresh compliments for "vellumed varlets" or "corrugated cranks?" Meanwhile, we see some reason for an Anti-Ping-pong League, such as they say has been recently founded in Paris.

HEROIC MEASURES.—"As a precaution against the spread of the disease [small-pox] it was agreed to close the school. The books of the children and the other members of the family were ordered to be destroyed."—*Scotsman*.



YE EPIDEMIC DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

[From a rare old mural decoration (Pompeii).]

Charles R. Pitt

"AFTER 'MANY' DAYS."

MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,—We have all been laughing for at least a fortnight at the *Spectator's* joke about "the Hooligans" in the House of Commons. The excellent *Westminster* caps it by suggesting that the word should be spelt "Hughligans." Ha! ha!

I was just going to laugh again, when, turning over back pages of *Punch*, as is my custom of an afternoon, I came upon the following passage in "The Diary of TOBY, M.P.," published on July 24 last year:

"THE MARKISS has a pretty wit. One of its flashes of late illumined the family circle. Too good to be exclusively enjoyed at Hatfield. Some one discoursing on the activity of Lord HUGH CECIL and Earl PERCY when any question affecting the Church comes on in the House of Commons, observed that, though only half the strength of the Fourth Party, they are a considerable power in Parliament, and only want a distinctive name. 'Call them Hughligans,' said the MARKISS, his eye dwelling with fatherly affection on the slim figure and seraphic countenance of son HUGH."

I have not the pleasure of knowing the MEMBER FOR SARK in the flesh. But I fancy I hear him murmur, "Cast your joke upon the waters and it will return to someone else after many days."

Yours, with much respect,
Bookshelf Row. A BACK-NUMBER.

QUITE AT THE FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I learn from a literary paper that "more that one prominent novelist intends to utilise the war in his next work, and the publishers report that most of the stories already issued which have South Africa for their background command a ready sale." So I myself am preparing a work of this kind, and enclose a sample chapter. It is possible that there may be in it a few trifling inaccuracies, but these, I am told, will not be perceived by the fiction-reading public. Of course, a war-novel is rather outside my usual line. Yours,

MATILDA NIMBLEPEN,
Author of "Dimples," "Little Louie's Luck," "Diddums Then!" &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

His face tense with emotion, ALGERNON quitted the verandah of his block-house, where the dancers were sitting out in festive couples, and paced alone the deserted veldt. Well might he be anxious. A heliogram just received, close upon midnight, had told him of DOROTHY's dreadful fate. While lingering in a Boer kopje, where she had wandered in order to take some photographs, she found the place suddenly attacked by a detachment of the Army Service Corps. With such effect had they deployed their guns that the Boers had fled in all directions. When,



Mistress. "DO YOU KNOW, CARTER, THAT I CAN ACTUALLY WRITE MY NAME IN THE DUST ON THE TABLE!"

Carter. "FAITH, MUM, THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN DO. SURE THERE'S NOTHING LIKE EDUCATION, AFTER ALL!"

however, she told her story to the General in command of the British force, it was received with cold incredulity. This officer persisted in regarding her as a Boer, and ordered her instant removal to a concentration camp. As she was being carried off, however, she contrived to use her pocket heliograph to convey to ALGERNON the news of her fate.

What was he to do? To allow this terrible lot to befall his DOROTHY was out of the question. In a concentration camp she would be manacled, starved and perhaps interviewed by Miss Hobson. But only one way of saving her occurred to him. He must see the Commander-in-Chief, and he was in Pretoria, twenty miles away. To reach Pretoria, he would have to ride through De Aar, Krugersdorp, Mafeking, and Springfontein; a dangerous line of country, largely in the enemy's possession. However, not a minute was to be lost. He returned to the block-house stables, and saddled his best charger, purchased from a knacker's yard by the War Office for £35, and worth at least four times less the money. In another minute he had mounted and begun his perilous journey.

For some miles he was unmolested. True, he was sometimes so close to the Boer forces as to be able to hear the words of their hymns, sung around the camp fire. But on the narrow piece of

road half way between Ladysmith and Norval's Point, a sudden shout bade him halt, and a party of burghers, each bearing a machine-gun on his saddle, made their appearance immediately in front of him.

"Beesti grachueon netiwicks?" said their leader, sternly.

ALGERNON spoke double-Dutch like a native. "Ogresti jimjams," he replied simply.

"Notarim gumbo, por?" pursued the Boer, with evident surprise.

"Gonny," said ALGERNON, emphatically, "Gonny mahado."

"Kiop!" said the other, his suspicions completely disarmed by ALGERNON's astuteness.

Ten minutes later that gallant hero entered Pretoria.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE EGG.

[*"There were various degrees in the declension of eggs, the final degree being that of eggs without epithets."*—Sir William Harcourt at the National Poultry Organisation Society.]

WHEN SIR WILLIAM clearly states How the egg degenerates, Tracing it through many ages—New-laid, fresh—by easy stages, Till at last, he says, we get "Eggs—without an epithet," There his disquisition stays; He ignores the latest phase Where in politics we find Eggs and epithets combined.

TALKS WITH
MY
BEDMAKER.

THE CORONATION.

"Good mornin', Sir," said Mrs. BURBIDGE, as she began to clear away the remains of my frugal breakfast, "though it wouldn't 'ardly be mornin' anywhere exceptin' in Cambridge, where it's anythink you 'as before your lunch is mornin' in a manner of speakin'; which you young gentlemen gets more lie-thargical every term, and couldn't get up no later not if you was fellers of the collidge, no, nor if it was the Vice-Chancellor or the King of England 'isself, though I don't suppose he can lie long of a mornin' nowadays neither, seein' all the work 'e 'as to do with the Coronation comin' on and all."

At this juncture I courted disaster by remarking that the Coronation would be a fine sight, and asking Mrs. BURBIDGE if she intended to honour it with her presence.

"Ah, Sir," continued that estimable lady, as she shot a small cascade of crumbs onto the hearthrug, under the belief that she was shaking the tablecloth into the fender, "for my part I don't 'old with these poms and pedantries nohow, no, nor never 'ave, no more did my pore farther afore me, which 'e always used to say as it was the last Coronation as set 'im agin 'em, and no wonder, seein' as that was the most misfortunate day's pleasin' 'e ever 'ad this side of the grave. Which 'e was walkin' out at the time with my pore mother that was, not with a heye to the halter immediate, 'im not bein' certain of his mind as yet, but just to see if they'd suit like, and 'e took 'er to see the procession in St. James's as was right and proper, 'im 'avin' walked out with 'er for some time past. And hours and hages them two stood there without so much as room to move a heyelid, like Persians on a monument, as you might



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE (GUILDHALL) FARE.

Rosalind (of London, to Orlando of Birmingham).

"SIR YOU HAVE WRESTLED WELL, AND OVERTHROWN
MORE THAN YOUR ENEMIES."

As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 2.

say, and just as the QUEEN was a-passin' by, and the cream 'orses goin' one to-day and one to-morrer, as many a time 'e 'ave described it to me, what with the people shovin' from behind and the sodgers shovin' from in front and the nearness of the 'orses tails, befre 'e knew as 'e 'ad done it 'e put the momentous question, and 'im not meanin' to do more than remonstrate with 'er for pinchin' of 'is arm, which she 'ad a 'and like a helephant, as many a time I 'ave 'ad occasion to remark; and the bands was put up the very next Sunday as ever was, and they was married within the month, as 'e 'ad reason to remember every day of 'is life for the next forty years till she was took off with a chill of the stumatch last Michaelmas twenty years, along of eatin' them red, white and blue Napoleon ices at the Patriotic Mothers' Meetin'. And the last distillible words she spoke to me afore

she was took, 'ELIZA, my love,' she says, which it was the fust and last time she was ever 'eard to utter the expression, the sinkin' feelin' comin' upon 'er very strong and sudden, 'ELIZA,' says she, 'sein' as 'ow you are come to years of digression, if ever you are to attain to them, and I am fadin' fast, let me give you a word of advice, and none more qualified. Keep clear of them Coronations, which they are a bubble and a snare, and never, never you eat them miscellaneous foreign ices.'"

These painful recollections, combined with a certain shortness of breath, the penalty of liberal perquisites and advancing years, caused Mrs. BURBIDGE to relapse for a few moments into a gloomy and expressive silence, as with many shakings of the head she made a feint of piling my crockery onto a battered tray, preparatory to removing it to the sanctum at the end of the passage, where, with much clattering and an



Horsey Wag (to Mr. and Mrs. Tourey, who are walking up a hill). "AND DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR CYCLES WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO FOR A WALK?"

occasional crash, she was accustomed to perform the mysterious functions of her class. I was just beginning to murmur inarticulate sympathy when she rose superior to her momentary weakness, and embarked once more upon the tide of personal reminiscence.

"Then there's them Jubilees, which is just as bad as any Coronations and less excuse for 'em, as I 'ave often said, which the fust of 'em wild 'orses wouldn't drag me out for to see, no, not if the QUEEN herself 'ad sent 'em with the Royal kerridge; but when it came to the second I felt as 'ow there was a providence in it all, and I couldn't 'old out against it any longer, me bein' a true Empirealist and no Pro-bor, as I am proud and thankful to maintain, though if anythink could 'ave made me one, it would 'ave been the depredations of that horful day: twelve blessed hours we was squeezed as tight as two of them 'eathen mummies, though less reposeful, which if my 'usband 'adn't been as patient as a Jon's comforter it might 'ave come to separation betwixt us, and no more than three sengwidges and a bottle of ginger beer did we 'ave, and them that warm with all the pressin' and squeezin' you couldn't 'ardly tell one from the other, and the dust lyin' in between the layers till it was like eatin' a bit o' emery paper. I never see so much dust in all my life, though I've been 'ere bedmaker and 'elp these thirty years and livin' in it all the time, as one might say, and dust there always is and always will be, I

suppose, which, seein' as 'ow we're all made of it, it ain't to be wondered at. But this was like them great Egyptshian deserts, exceptin' that there was more people, and 'orses instead of camels and giraffes. And what with the sun bein' that topical over'ead, and the people droppin' down all round like the sprinklin' o' tea-leaves on a carpet, and my toes that trod on that every drop o' blood in 'em was druv right up the body, I fell all of a 'eap at the zoological moment, and all I seed was the hinside of a hambulance stretcher till I got to my pore brother's 'ouse, 'im bein' a hundertaker in a good way of business and much respected, which 'e died the very next winter as ever was in a fit of the new-moan-yer, seemin' as 'ow it was them foreign princes as brought it into the country. And what I says is, them things is all very well for them as is in 'em and them as 'as seats to see, and they may be good for trade, though it stands to reason that everythink that 's put into 'em comes out of us, and there 's more put into 'em than ever comes out again, and no one 'll ever catch me goin' to see another, no not if there was fifty kings to be crowned and jubileed all in one day, and all the livin' Hemperors and Shahs a-walkin' respectful behind."

THE "National Poultry Organisation Society" is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. HATCH, M.P., in the office of Treasurer.